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MARCH'S FAMOUS FUNNY FARCES

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The Train to Morrow

BY JEANNETTE JOYCE

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CHARACTERS

MRS. MAKESURE.

MISS PRIM.

MR. RODEOVER.

THE TICKET AGENT.

COLORED PORTER.

SCENE: (*A country railway station. Agent busy at desk. Enter a large, good-natured woman of Samantha Allen type, carrying a large covered basket and numerous bundles, which she deposits on seat. As she stands looking about, she fans vigorously. At length she addresses the busy agent across the room.*)

MRS. MAKESURE: I reckon that train goes as usual to Morrow (tomorrow). (*No response.*) Too bad, now. He's a leetle hard of hearing! Bad for him with this job, too, some folk's voices is weak and they might have trouble finding out things. (*Raises voice.*) Train go as usual to Morrow (tomorrow)?

AGENT: I do not understand your question, madam.

MRS. MAKESURE: Too bad, too bad! Worse than I thought. (*Enter traveling man with cases which he deposits. Taking off hat he mops forehead.*)

MR. RODEOVER: A warm day! I'll say a very warm day. (*Looks over with smile at agent who does not raise his head.*) He doesn't know it, though.

MRS. MAKESURE (*speaking sotto-voice*): Law, no. He has no idea you're a speaking to him. Poor man, he's that deaf, I wonder he can hear the train a thunderin' by. Maybe you could tell me, could you, ef the train goes the same time to Morrow (tomorrow)?

MR. RODEOVER: Eh? How's that? Say that again.

MRS. MAKESURE (*aside*): It ain't no ways possible, he's deaf, too, is it? (*Raises voice.*) Does the train go at the same time to Morrow (tomorrow)?

Mr. RODEOVER: Oh, sure, I get you now, easy. Yes, it goes at the same time every day except Sunday.

Mrs. MAKESURE: But I want to make sure, to be certain, you know, that it goes to Morrow (tomorrow)?

Mr. RODEOVER: Yes, that's right. This is Monday, tomorrow's Tuesday. The train goes at the same time (*telling it off on fingers*) Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday. See? (*Enter colored porter who picks up grips of Mr. Rodeover.*)

PORTER: Say, boss, you want these things to go on this here next train?

Mrs. MAKESURE (*rushing up to porter*): Does this next train go to Morrow (tomorrow)?

PORTER: Sure, missus, it aims to, if it doan run off the track today.

Mrs. MAKESURE: But I mean, are you sure it goes to Morrow (tomorrow)?

PORTER: I low it will, missus, but I won't swear to it. Nothin' sartin in this world but death and taxes, and they's not very sartin, gettin' higher all the time. (*As he leaves, taps his head to indicate to Mr. Rodeover that she is out of her mind. Mr. Rodeover agrees. Enter a typical maiden school teacher, who seats herself near Mrs. Makesure.*)

Mrs. MAKESURE (*offering fan*): Here, be'ent you warm? This place is hot 's an oven.

MISS PRIM: It is exceedingly warm today. Have you had a long wait?

Mrs. MAKESURE: Well, not so long as I'll have yet, if I can't find anybody who is'nt either deaf as a stone or dumb as an idiot. Here I lowed to get to Morrow (tomorrow) to my son's house, but I'm likely to set here for want of somebody to answer a civil question.

MISS PRIM: Well, you have quite a little time until tomorrow. Did you ask the ticket agent?

Mrs. MAKESURE: He's deaf as a post. Can't make him understand nothin'.

MISS PRIM: Deaf! And in a place where the public must depend on him. I'll investigate. (*Goes over to agent, yells at him.*) Sir, do you know that you have no business in such an office as this.

AGENT (*looking up, speaks aside*): Another one, two at a time, clean dippy, maybe I better run.

MISS PRIM: No deaf man has any business in such an office.

AGENT (*angrily*): Who said I was deaf? I could hear you a square off.

MRS. MAKESURE: Well, now isn't that funny, I made sure he was deaf, when I asked him if the train to Morrow (tomorrow) was on time today.

AGENT: You asked what?

MRS. MAKESURE: Look here, I'm tired of this foolin,' I want to go to Morrow (tomorrow) to my son's, and I want to go today.

AGENT (*addressing teacher*): Now, I'll give up, Isn't that madhouse talk?
(*Enter Mr. Rodeover and porter, the latter calling train for Columbus, Cincinnati, Morrow, Waynesville.*)

MISS PRIM (*taking Mrs. Makesure by arm; to agent*): Not at all, a slight error in English. She wanted to inquire if the train for Morrow went as usual today. (*Agent falls back exhausted; porter and Mr. Rodeover see joke.*)

(*Curtain*)



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